



CHAPTER I.

"Order the pony trap at once, Jenifer, and drive in to Exeter as fast as you can. It is really providential that I got that card from Tammy last night, telling me about the teal and wildgoose; teal is what your brother prefers, I know, but if the teal are all gone—

"If there's a doubt about any being left, don't you think I may as well give myself the benefit of the doubt, mother, and stay for tennis this afternoon?" "My dear Jenifer, what are you thinking about? With all I have on my head between now and to-night, is it likely that I shall overweight myself with the 'last straw' which tennis would be?" Mrs. Ray asked, with a manner that had it been silk, might be described as amusement shot with vexation. "Your brother—your eldest brother—is bringing home his bride, and I have only six hours wherein to prepare a fitting reception for her."

"I don't think my eldest brother deserves to have so much consideration shown to him, as we never knew that he had a bride, or thought of having one, till his telegram came half an hour ago," Jenifer said, coldly.

"Ah, my dear, perhaps not; but if you had a son you would most likely be as lenient to his ladies toward me as I am to Hubert's toward me. I am his mother, and if the thought of his wife has put me out of his mind for a time, why, all I can do is to love her the more for having won so much from my son, for to have won so much she must have given largely."

"And if I could ever forget a moment (which I can't) that you are the sweetest and wisest mother in the world, I'd say you were talking stuff and nonsense now," Jenifer said heartily. "As it is I'll only tell you that the teal shall be offered up to Hubert to-night, if any are to be got in Exeter."

"I shall put the dinner off till eight, Jenifer. That will give you time to do all the flowers after you come back. What will your father say when he hears of it? I wish he would come before any of these possible tennis people arrive. It would be so awkward telling him before them all."

"Father will be furious for five minutes, and then he will make us feel that we are not half fervid enough in our expressions of delight at the prospect of receiving Hubert's bride. Don't trouble yourself more than you can help, mother dear, while I'm away."

Her heart was heavy and her head ached, but she did not let Nettie, the pony, lag on his way. As she drove from her shop to shop in Exeter, there were many who noticed that Miss Ray looked very thoughtful. Indeed, so absorbed was she in the contemplation of the subject of her brother's marriage, that she passed several acquaintances without recognizing them. At last, one bolder than the rest, turned, after lifting his hat, when he heard her pull up at the game shop. And as she sprang out of the trap he contrived to be passing.

"You here, Miss Ray, and a tennis party going on at Moor Royal? What does this portend?"

"You here, Captain Edgecomb, when we all thought you safe on leave for the next month? You would have had an invitation for tennis to-day, only father told us you were away."

"I came back unexpectedly—got sick of London, and sick for one of the environs of Exeter. May I come in and help you to choose some of Tammy's wild fowl?"

"No; but you may hold Nettie; or, better still, you go in and get what I want and I'll get into the trap again."

When he came out again, she stooped forward and said:

"You generally see Hubert when you go to town. Did you call on him this time?"

"I tried to look him up," he said, engaging himself in rearranging his parcels in the bottom of the trap, "but he was out when I called."

"He is coming home to-night. He is married, and his wife and he are coming home to-night."

He lifted his eyes to hers quickly enough now, and she was sure there was something of surprise and something of anger in their expression.

"Married, is he?" he said coldly. "Rather sudden, isn't it? Some fellows like doing surprises. I'm a quiet fellow, and don't go in for sensation myself."

He lifted his hat and stood aloof as he spoke, and Jenifer drove off with the last expression that had flitted across his handsome face photographed on her memory.

"How sympathetic he is! He looked quite sorry for me. And yet I never said a word to make him think I didn't like Hubert's marriage."

Captain Edgecomb resumed his stroll

through the High street, musing on what he had just heard.

"It clears my path toward the other one; but I didn't think you would have stolen such a march as this on me, Miss Jenifer; but, no matter! I only hope, for Jenifer's sake, you won't ruin Hubert Ray."

As Jenifer more than half feared and expected, she found all the possible guests assembled on the tennis ground when she got home. But though the moving spirit of Moor Royal was absent, the mistress of the house had done well for them. That is to say, she had permitted those who came to flirt to do so without interruption, and she had given plenty of tea, coffee, cakes, delicately rolled bread and butter and grapes to those who think tennis a snare and a delusion without these accompaniments.

And all of these guests were full of curiosity respecting the great event; for Mrs. Ray had deemed it better not to make a mystery about what must be so soon widely known.

No she told them that her son was married, and that he and his bride would be home that night, and that was all she had to tell.

Time went on, the tennis party broke up and dispersed, and each individual member of it carried away a different version of the story of Hubert Ray's secret marriage, for circulation in his or her own set.

It grew dusk in these October days at six o'clock, and at seven Hubert and his wife would arrive. And still the head of the house, the master of the family, was absent and in ignorance of his eldest son's marriage. Mrs. Ray grew strangely nervous.

Her husband was wont to be out late frequently, for he was an ardent sportsman, and with his duck gun and punt he would pass many a winter night on the marshes about Exmouth.

At seven o'clock Jenifer came down, dressed for dinner, into the drawing room, and found her mother there alone.

"Is Jack in, mother dear?" she said.

"Yes, Jenny; Jack came in ten minutes ago. I thought he might have been with your father, but Jack has seen nothing of him all day."

Jenifer went off in search of her youngest brother, with a sense of oppression and uncertainty about her such as had never afflicted her before.

Jack was still whistling when his sister knocked at his door, and she felt that she could have rebuked him hotly for such evidence of callousness, when her soul was being wrung by doubts and fears for Hubert.

"Make haste down, and do be a little grave for once, Jack," she said, as a handsome lad, the very counterpart of herself, opened the door.

"Why am I to be grave? I was preparing to be especially festive! I thought it was the right thing to be when a bride was hurried into the midst of a family."

"What do you think about it, really, Jack?"

"I haven't thought much about it, only I shouldn't like to think that you would marry a fellow, and bear down upon his people without having been duly advertised."

"What do you think of it yourself, Jenifer?"

"I'm afraid to think, I'm afraid I shall never like her, and shall never forget that she has been the cause of making Hubert do the first mean thing he ever did in his life."

Jack's room was in a side wing, and his window looked out on the stable yard at the east end of the window. But even at this distance from the front entrance, sounds reached them now, as of an arrival and confusion.

"They've come," Jenifer said, quick changes of color flitting over her face. "Jack, come down with me. I read—"

She paused abruptly. More sound, more confusion. The trampling now of many feet, and then a long, sharp cry.

At the sound of that cry the young sister and brother sped along the corridor and down the stairs on flying feet. There in the hall, held back—hustled back it almost seemed—by distracted, weeping servants stood their mother, quiet now, but with such a look of horror on her face as made them pray that she might cry, scream, do anything to relieve that terrible tension of agony. And there on a hurdle, covered up with rugs, "something" was lying in such awful stillness that they knew at once it was dead.

And further knew that death and their father had met.

CHAPTER II.

A dozen voices were raised in explanation, consolation, suggestion, sympathy; but the sorely smitten father never heeded one of them. The children pressed forward to their mother, and with all their gentle force bore her away to her

own room, where the silence, and the thought that he would never share it with her again fell upon her mercifully like a blow, and rendered her unconscious.

"Better so," Jenifer said to Jack, who was unversed in the doctrine of the "blessed balm" of unconsciousness, "she'll come out of this fainting fit so exhausted that she must sleep, and when she awakes she'll be stronger to bear everything. Oh, Jack! and an hour ago we thought Hubert's marriage a trouble!"

With his face swollen with crying, Jack went down presently, to have his father's corpse moved out of the way of his brother's bride; and, as he stood there in the hall giving broken directions amidst his sobs, the carriage drew up at the door with the newly married pair.

Hubert leapt into the house at once, ardent, expectant, half ashamed of himself, and yet full of pride in the wife who was calmly awaiting her reception in the carriage outside.

"What! no father and mother, and no Jenifer to welcome us?" he cried in surprise; and then he saw Jack's face, and knew in an instant that some tragedy had just been enacted.

In a few words the younger brother put the elder one in possession of so many of the facts as he was acquainted with himself, and while they were still speaking in disjointed sentences and broken tones, Mrs. Hubert Ray sprang out of the carriage into the hall, and stood before them, looking strangely bright and indifferent in that house of horror.

"What is it, Hugh?" she asked in a ringing, high-pitched voice; "have we come to the wrong house, or haven't your people got the telegram? I detest—"

Then her husband checked her, telling her, gently and gradually, and with far more consideration than was needful, that his father was dead.

"How awkward—I mean how dreadful!" she said quickly, and then she drew her long sealskin cloak more closely round her, and turned to warm her feet at the wood fire which was burning cheerfully through all the misery at the end of the hall.

Looking at her as she stood there, one tiny foot stretched out to catch the full force of the bright blaze, the figure slightly thrown back to maintain its equilibrium, and the face averted to save it from getting scorched, Jack and the others who beheld her for the first time saw a most attractive young lady.

Slim to a point of aliveness that might almost be called attenuation, not tall, but giving the impression of good height by reason of her extraordinarily erect and graceful carriage; fair, with a white fairness that would always render hers a remarkable face in a country in which the rose predominates over the lily; with no feature worth mentioning for its goodness, save the eyes. But these most distinctly were worth mentioning. Blue, cold, and bright as steel, they had a fixity of purpose in their steady, unflinching gaze that rarely failed to find out whatever she wanted to have revealed.

Hubert went for and came back with his sister hanging on his arm, and Mrs. Hubert withdrew her foot from the fire, stood a trifle more erect, and, with unflinching eyes, waited for the introduction that was imminent.

"You two are sisters now, and must love one another like sisters," Hubert said, with a faint assumption of hope that such might be the case. Whereat his wife smiled politely, gave her hand to Jenifer in an instant, and then resumed her occupation of warming her feet.

"They get so cold traveling," she said, apologetically; "so cold that often when I come in I won't speak to any one."

"Mother can't see you yet," Jenifer said, shivering. "Will you take her love and good wishes from me?"

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Hubert said, affably. "Will you tell her from me that I feel it to be very distressing and awkward that I should have come just at this time, but you see I couldn't know what was going to happen, could I?"

"Oh, no one could know! Oh, my father—my father!" Jenifer wept out in a fresh burst of anguish.

"Dinner is—when did you say?" Mrs. Hubert asked, as Mrs. Ray's own maid appeared with lighted candle to conduct the bride to her room.

Mrs. Hubert addressed Jenifer, but Jenifer had withdrawn to the utmost, and this was the last straw.

"Whenever you please to order it for yourself. We Rays have not much appetite for dinner."

"Oh, I'm a Ray too, for that matter," Mrs. Hubert said lightly, as her sister-in-law swept past her and out of the hall in a torrent of tears and wrath.

"I suppose I needn't dress?" Mrs. Hubert said to Chalmers, the maid, when she reached the state bedroom which had been prepared for her with care, under Mrs. Ray's loving superintendence.

"I suppose you will do as you please, ma'am," Chalmers replied with hardly sustained self-control.

Her hands were trembling as she unfastened Mrs. Hubert's traveling trunks; but full as her heart was of woe for the calamity that had come upon the house, she would not let a tear fall before this well-tempered bit of steel who had come to be the young mistress at Moor Royal.

The young lady was arraying herself in a white cashmere dressing gown, trimmed with white lace, which fell around her in soft, snowy folds as she spoke. All her movements were soft, undulating and graceful, and it must have been a fastidious eye indeed that did not rest on her with pleasure. Nevertheless Chalmers recoiled from her, called her "a white cat" privately, and went off to seek Mr. Hubert, with the firm conviction in her mind that he had done an ill deed in marrying and bringing home this fashionable looking white witch.

Meantime, Hubert and Jenifer had been having that trying thing—a first interview after the first breach of trust.

"There is no thought of its being other than an accident, is there?" he asked, anxiously, speaking of his father's death.

"Oh, Hubert, no! don't even ask that of my father; his foot must have caught in the brambles on the top of the hedge, and in the fall he must have straggled and the gun went off as he fell, Jack says, for it was not in his hand when he was found."

"It's awful to me to think that my father should never have seen my wife."

"He never even knew that you had one; he was out all day, and—mother and I had to bear it all alone."

"You mean the news of my marriage?" Jenifer nodded.

"I was afraid you'd be staggered by the telegram; but, Flora—she's Effie's sister—is a great hand for doing things off sharply. She's a charming woman; you'll like her immensely if you don't take to you, and she's sure to do that, Jenny, for you're the sweetest and prettiest creature in the world; but she's impulsive to a de-

gree, and somehow or other, when one's with her, one's hurried on to do everything she suggests. If it hadn't been for her I should never have had the pluck to propose a sudden secret marriage to Effie, you know; but Flora—Mrs. Jarroise—told me in confidence that if I didn't marry Effie straight off the reel without giving her time to think, that I should lose her altogether. Say something, Jenny dear; it's not like you to withhold sympathy from me. Say something about her; she's one of those charming girls who get so worshipped that they seem a little spoilt sometimes, but in reality she is capable of sacrificing herself to any extent for those she loves; see how she has sacrificed herself for me."

"I can only—I mean, I hope she will make you happy," Jenifer said piteously. "Don't ask me to say more to-night, Hubert. My head and heart are both burning. This is our first trouble, and you are not sharing it with us as you should have done. Oh, Hubert, forgive me! Everything is too hard to-night."

"Never mind, dear," he said forgivingly, wiping his own eyes, and moving his sister to deeper remorse by the sight of his emotion. "Never mind, dear. It's a little and a poor Effie that through this dreadful misery she should be made to feel herself in the way; but she's not one to make a fuss about things."

"If you please, sir," Chalmers said, coming up at this juncture, "Mrs. Hubert's love to you, and her head is aching horribly, and she's as uncomfortable as she can be, and will you go to her at once?"

"Poor Effie!" her husband exclaimed despairingly, as he hurried from the room to see after his bride's well being.

In a minute more Jenifer was in her mother's room. The blessed stage of unconsciousness was long past, and the bereaved woman, with every sense keenly on the alert, was sitting by the fire, not so much for the sake of the warmth as because in its fiery excess she seemed to see pictures of her past happy life.

The picture the flames painted most vividly was the one of her home-coming as a bride. How joyful and bright all had been at Moor Royal that day! And now he who had brought her home and made all the joyfulness and brightness was lying dead, and their eldest son had brought home his bride, and gained nothing but a cold welcome for her.

Her thoughts were dwelling on this as Jenifer came in, and in an instant the daughter saw that there was some mental stimulant at work in her mother.

"I was stunned just now, Jenifer, and hardly understood that I was refusing to see my new daughter. Let Hubert bring me to me now. We can learn to love one another as well in sorrow as in joy," she said as Jenifer came and knelt before her.

"You are sure you can stand it, mother darling? You are sure you won't put yourself to more pain by the exertion?"

The widow shook her head.

"It will plea, Hubert, and what have I to live for but to please my children?"

"That's no new thing; you have done that all our lives," Jenifer said, rising up and kissing her mother's hands in a paroxysm of love and pity.

Then she steadied and collected herself, and half fearing how her mission would be met, went in search of her brother and his wife.

(To be continued.)

Strange but True.

A well-known naturalist and sportsman was shooting quail one day near the Pyramids. Sighting an owl, he raised his gun, and was about to pull the trigger when, judge of his surprise, the bird suddenly twisted in its flight as if shot, and came fluttering to his feet. On examination he discovered that the bird, although in midair, had broken its wing through the mere exertion of its flight.

When shooting on the moors in Yorkshire an unlucky sportsman had his one solitary chance during the best spotted by an extraordinary accident. Just as he was shooting at a grouse flying about forty yards away, another bird, which had evidently lost its presence of mind, fluttered in front of his gun, receiving the whole of the charge in its body. It was literally blown to pieces.

Both, the well-known collector of Brighton, once did the very same thing. He was firing at a small flock of common pochard when the charge hung fire, in consequence of which a rare specimen had time to fly into the line of shot. It is now in the Brighton Museum.

Apropos, a strange freak of part-ridges may be mentioned. Upon certain occasions they will fly far out to sea and settle on the top of the waves with as much unconcern as if they were on a turnip field, although it means certain death to every one of the covey.—Pearson's Weekly.

An Ingenious King.

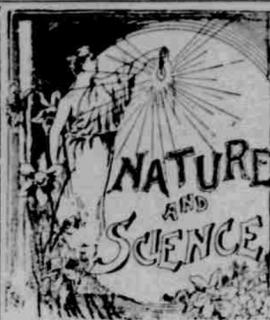
Before Mgr. Massala was elevated to the cardinalate he passed much time in Abyssinia and was the prime favorite of King Menelek. One day the king asked the future prince of the church to secure him a sewing machine, of which he had heard. The machine was shipped to Abyssinia in parts, and no one at the court or in the following of Mgr. Massala could put them together. At last the king, despairing of outside help, took the machine to his rooms, worked at it all night, and the next morning sent for the monsignor and the queen to show them his handiwork. He had succeeded in putting the parts together perfectly.

Varnishes.

Turpentine varnishes are prepared by dissolving the softer resins, such as common rosin, mastic, etc., in the best commercial oil of turpentine. They are mostly lighter in color than oil-varnishes; they dry quickly, but the surface of dry varnish produced is less durable than that obtained with oil-varnishes.

Flocks.

It appears the red brick is not considered sufficiently artistic, and in its place we are furnished with the brick of lighter hue—pink, buff, yellow, and, in fact, of nearly every shade. A brick can be made that is as mottled as a seagull's egg, or one that will show the varying tints of an autumn leaf.



Tumbling Mustard.

It is said that the tumbling mustard, a weed introduced from Europe about twenty years ago, has become very troublesome in Manitoba and other parts of Northwestern Canada. Prof. Fletcher, of Ottawa, estimates that a single plant bears no less than 1,500,000 seeds!

"Dark Light."

Monsieur Le Bon, a French experimenter, reports that he has obtained outline photographs on a dry plate through a sheet of iron, simply with the aid of an ordinary kerosene lamp. He gets the best effects by backing the iron with a sheet of lead, but the rays do not, like the X-rays, penetrate black paper. He calls the radiation which produces the photographs "dark light."

The Cradle of Mankind.

The recent discovery in Somaliland by Mr. Seton-Karr is regarded as an important contribution to the evidence by means of which men of science hope, eventually, to be able to locate the cradle of the human race. The implements referred to are identical in form with those found in Northwestern Europe and in India, and this fact is thought to be an indication that in the remote prehistoric times called the Palaeolithic age the inhabitants of Asia, Africa and Europe belonged to a single race.

Extirminating Butterflies.

Collectors of butterflies in England are somewhat alarmed at the prospect of the extinction of several localized species, mainly through the effects of overcollection. It appears that three species of butterflies have already been exterminated, at least from their known haunts, and that three other species are in imminent danger of extinction, and the Entomological Society has been requested to take some action for the protection of the insects. Some of the much-hunted species, it is said, will probably take final refuge in the irremediable fens of Norfolk.

Valuable Fox-Skins.

The most expensive and beautiful of all fox fur, according to Knowledge, is that of the American silver fox. The color is usually almost entirely black, except the tip of the tail, and certain gray-white markings on the back, thighs and head. Occasionally a completely black specimen is found, and there are also some which are completely gray. The animal was once comparatively abundant, but is now scarce, and about a year ago a single fine skin was sold in London for the surprising sum of \$875. In 1894 many skins were sold for more than \$500 apiece. The cheapest skins are of the pale-colored ones, some of which do not command more than \$25.

A Walking Fish.

A queer fish, called the "walking goby" or the "hopping fish," is found in the Indian Ocean as well as along the shores of West Africa. Crowds of these curious creatures, resembling tadpoles in their outlines, bask in the sun on a muddy shore and scamper off on being disturbed. Many of them keep the ends of their long tails dipped in the water, while they lie on the sun-baked mud, or sit on mangrove roots, and Prof. Haddon has suggested that there may be an organ of respiration in the end of the tail, additional to the similar organs in the gills. A more recent investigator, Dr. Forbes, of Liverpool, thinks the fish are able to store a sufficient quantity of water in their gills to maintain aquatic respiration during their prolonged absences on the shore.

Great Tide Waves.

Those who see the rise and fall of the tides in our Atlantic harbors seldom think of the wonderful career of the moon-raised ocean-waves which cause the tidal flux and reflux. Such billows not only cross the sea, but flow from ocean into ocean, and in this way complicated movements are set going. Thus, as Mr. Vaughan Cornish has recently reminded English readers, once in every twelve hours the moon raises a tide billow in the Southern Indian Ocean. When this billow passes the Cape of Good Hope, at noon, its successor is already born, and by the time the first billow has reached the Azores Islands, at midnight, the second is rounding the Cape, and a third has come into existence in the southern ocean. By 4 o'clock in the morning following its passage of the Cape the tide billow reaches the English Channel and there the shallow water delays it so much that it does not arrive at the Straits of Dover until 10 a. m. Here the narrowing Channel causes the tide to rise very high and almost puts an end to the wave. In the meantime another branch of the billow runs around the western side of the British Islands, rounds the north point of Scotland, and moves slowly down the eastern coast of England, until it finally flows up the Thames, and laps the wharves of London.

Tree-Rings.

On May 23 mention was made in this column of a curious theory concerning the history of a very old fir-tree from North America, a section of the lower part of whose trunk is preserved in England. The growth rings in the trunk

show that the tree lived for several hundred years, and that when it was about a century old something happened which interfered with and delayed its growth. The effect was to produce a series of rings very narrow and close together, followed by rings of the usual width, indicating that the tree had suddenly regained its vigor. According to the theory mentioned the influence that retarded the growth of the tree was a series of atmospheric disturbances in the Middle Ages which caused widespread epidemics in Europe and Asia, and presumably in North America also. Mr. B. E. Fernow, of Washington, writes to Nature that he thinks this theory is hardly tenable. Zones of narrow rings, he says, are common in all of our trees, and he suggests this explanation: Let a tree, like the fir in question, grow up under favorable conditions for a hundred years, and then let a hurricane break off a large part of its crown. Suddenly, at least within a year, the rings of growth will become narrow. Within about thirty years the crown recuperates, but still the food-material descending from the leaves is scanty for the lower portion of the trunk and narrow rings continue to form there. Higher up the tree, however, the rings will be found widening. Finally, and rather suddenly, the supply becomes normal lower down and the rings resume their regular width. Thus various accidents occurring to a tree record their effects in its rings of growth.

England's Food Supply.

Strong as the English war fleet is, it is very far from being strong enough to successfully engage a possible combination of fleets and at the same time protect our sea borne food supply, says the Nineteenth Century. If the United States and Russia declared war with England there would practically be no food supply left to protect. They would keep the immense supplies we now get from them at home, and the fear of capture or destruction would effectually prevent Argentina and other neutrals from sending food to us in any sufficient quantity.

What is wanted is that, instead of only a precarious week's supply, we should have stored up in this country enough corn to last for at least twelve months. Experts in the corn trade agree that there would be no insuperable difficulty in gradually accumulating this store of corn. It would be for experts to advise as to the best methods and places of storage.

Perhaps the best plan would be to distribute it over the country in magazines at the military depots, giving the military authorities charge of it, but if it was in the country and safe it would not so much matter where it was. Although most of our corn is made into flour at the great ports, it would not be wise, seeing that most of them are so defenseless, to store it there.

The entire control and management of this great national store of corn should be under some permanent government department. Although its existence could not fail to have a steady effect on the corn market, it should be outside all speculative influences, the price at which it would be sold, when necessary to sell it, being fixed by law. It would be no sacrifice, in the long run, for the country to provide such a reserve of food, as it would always be worth its cost.

Other nations accumulate gold for use in war time. We should have a war chest of corn. If we have it, what will it do?

It will give our navy time to devote itself to the crushing of the navy or navies opposed to us. It will give us time, with our great resources, to augment our fighting fleet to almost any extent, and it will give our farmers time to grow three or four times as much corn and breed a much larger quantity of cattle and sheep than they now do.

Napoleon's Irregular Dealings.

The Embargo Act, passed in 1807 by the American Congress, had been entirely to Napoleon's liking, as is proved by the Bayonne decree of 1808, which ordered the seizure and sale in French harbors of all American ships transgressing it; but the Non-Intercourse Act of March 1, 1809, enabled a vessel holding both a French and a British license, it provided likewise with "stimulated" papers of any neutral state, to trade in British goods almost without restriction. This Napoleon chose to consider as open hostility, and under the Rambouillet decree of March 23, 1810, American vessels, with their cargoes, worth together over \$8,000,000, were seized. His dealings with the United States were very irregular; between 1802 and 1811, on one pretext or another, 558 ships flying their flag were seized in French harbors; and the number seized in those of Holland, Spain, Denmark and Naples was also very large; but during the same period Great Britain seized 917, and there is no proof that Napoleon intended anything more than forcing the transatlantic republic into hostility with England.—Century.

Protection Against Snorers.

Now a New Jersey Justice has passed judgment on a man who was charged with disturbing the neighborhood with his snoring, which the prosecution likened unto the noise from a boiler factory in full operation. The Justice advised the man with the wonderful snoring power to move or readjust his breathing apparatus. It was claimed by the neighbors that he could be heard snoring a square or more away. An individual with such lungs would doubtless make a good cornet player. Over in Jersey they do not want to give a man a chance to even sleep without disturbing him.—Harrisburg Patriot.

You have probably remarked how soon you get over being in love. Well, people who are in love with you are just as bad.